

# The Broken People

Barely thirty-year-old child mothers raising the offspring of their fifteen-year-olds

Young men limp and stoop, like a seventy-year-old

Menial labour reddens the neck

Nutrition-deprived, sugar-fed, fat-filled kids starved of critical thinking

E-scooters and depressed dogs frame donut shops

Boutique shop oases abound in food deserts

“Bread & circuses” in the Roman Empire, “Doritos & YouTube” in the American Empire

Bedbug’s sweet aroma perfumes the air

Lottery, Scratch, Bingo & Casino dreams devolve into no win realities

PB & J—Peanut Butter & Jelly and never Pear, Brie & Jambon

Prison pants cupping-the-ass fashion donned by young free men

“Sup, my Niggas!” said with empowerment while True, Real power remains elusive

Clouds of the abused & of the abusers stay aloft

“White trash,” *Mountain Dew* mouth, and milk-gone-bad odor speaks of the historically downtrodden

Legal & illegal drugs constantly pushed to addle minds

From “*Money Mart*” to reputable banks...but the rip-offs continue

Are they really the broken people or are they portrayed and kept as “broken people?”